

The Revolution.

"WHAT, THEREFORE, GOD HATH JOINED TOGETHER, LET NOT MAN PUT ASUNDER."

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WHOLE NO. 190.

Editorial Notes.

A woman, who gave the Baptist Board \$1,000 for the education of the freedmen, wisely insisted that not a cent of it should be given to any one who uses tobacco. This is a well-directed blow at a pernicious and debasing habit. Certainly those who use tobacco ought not to expect aid from beneficiary funds.

Mrs. Burleigh says that in the whole circle of her acquaintances she knows but one family of large means who live simply, and, by actual demonstration, show how much finer is culture than elegance of upholstery; and she adds that if these model housekeepers only would distinguish between the essential and the non-essential, the necessary and the superfluous, a true hospitality and elaborate feeding, between the order and cleanliness that serve the family and the fastidiousness that tyrannizes, they would loose a mill-stone from about their necks, and add glad, rich years to their impoverished lives.

To live "respectably" on Murray Hill costs about \$25,000 per year, independent of the rent of the house. This sum would have made a family independent fifty years ago, and the interest of it would yield a comfortable support to most families to-day; yet those who expend this large sum upon retinue of servants, and a style of display that merely dazzles beholders and vitiates public taste and morals, really enjoy less and wear out sooner, if they do not suffer more, than most of those who live happily on \$2,000 a year. As a rule, it may be said that these people spend a vast deal of money, and work very hard, to make other people envy them, and to make themselves miserable.

A California paper tells the rest of the world that that State wants immediately 5,000 girls, to do housework in the country towns. Thousands of Chinamen are doing the work of women in hotels and private houses, simply because white help cannot be procured. But, then, these girls must not come to California with the expectation of getting husbands. Not a bit of it. That pretty game has played itself out. California is no longer a wilderness. There are women enough there already for the men who want wives. It is only servant girls that are wanted now. Excellent opportunity! Inspiring prospect! What rush of emigration on the part of our Eastern girls there will be to take the places of those Chinamen! It is a wise man who knows exactly what he wants.

The trial of Mrs. Colburn for poisoning her former husband, Mr. Busenberger, began on Monday at London, Ohio. The case is a peculiar one in many respects, and certainly looks more like a conspiracy of her husband's

relatives than a case founded in justice. Her fidelity and devotion to her former husband through his long illness won universal admiration, and so touched his generosity that on his death-bed he gave her the deed of a large farm. He has been dead over four years, and now some of his relatives contend that he was poisoned, and arsenic was found in his remains when examined a few months ago. But it is easy to suppose that either the vault was tampered with, and arsenic injected into the stomach through the oesophagus, or that the jars were tampered with at the period of the inquest.

Mr. Higginson very truly says it would be hard to find stories whose moral is more unexceptionable than the five novels by George Sand, which Roberts Brothers, with perhaps unconscious satire, have advertised at the end of "Pink and White Tyranny," and the admirable essay by Justin McCarthy, reprinted by these publishers at the end of the novel of "Antonia," gives so exhaustive an analysis of the good and evil in George Sand as to make it quite unnecessary to say anything more; and he asks, why has Mrs. Stowe failed where men who are very likely her moral inferiors would have succeeded? His answer to this question is, because she thinks the moral purpose is all, and does not recognize that the intellect also has its laws, and that it is the office of fiction to hold, faithfully and patiently, the mirror up to nature.

Mr. Greeley was most effectually answered by Theodore Tilton in the *Golden Age* of last week, in an article which, for dignity, force, incisiveness and convincing power, has never been surpassed. That article is an admirable campaign document; and its author wisely yielded to persuasion, and published it as a tract for general distribution. But answered it is not silenced, and Mr. Greeley has responded in the *Age* of this week. His letter does not contribute anything to the controversy, and simply shows that its author has ceased to be a leader, and, with tired brain and disappointed heart, has fallen back to the rear of the army of advance. There are but few men who are equal to the task of heading two reforms; and we will not forget the Luther who nailed his thesis on the church door, and faced the power of the Pontificate, because at last, when wearied with a life-battle, he dropped the banner from his trembling hand. Drop the mantle kindly over the memory of the great journalist, and leave him to his affluent reminiscences and agricultural dreams. His letter has called forth a rejoinder from Mr. Tilton which is more pointed and brilliant than his former one, and which will doubtless make Mr. Greeley regret having entered the list. The controversy has been noticed at considerable length by almost every paper in the country, and we have been equally surprised and pleased at the amount of

sympathy expressed for the woman side of the argument.

We always read the *Woman's Journal* with the attention and interest which its ability and varied excellences invariably excite; yet—shall we confess it?—sometimes it seems to put special measures, the election of a particular candidate, some cunning scheme for securing the ballot for women by *coup d'état*, above the great work of educating a public sentiment which shall require woman suffrage, and support her in the exercise of every political privilege and right. There is the greatest danger of drawing attention away from the main issues of the woman movement by discussing side questions, and getting involved in entangling party alliances, which are never helpful, and usually damaging. We have one sharp issue to present to the American people. Everything else that is involved in our cause—education, fair wages, justice before the law, social equality with men—is centred in and represented by the one word suffrage. Give woman the ballot, and she straightway becomes a power in the State, and obsequious parties will respect her wishes and do her bidding. But that ballot cannot be secured by any legal quibble. Women cannot secure their political rights as citizens by taking advantage of a mere technicality. It would be an unspeakable misfortune to the sex were she to rush into the arena through some unguarded loop-hole in the law, before she is prepared, and without the support of a thoroughly educated public opinion to sustain her positions and give political weight and influence to her acts. What our cause most wants to-day is not the cunning arguments of lawyers upon the words of statutes and constitutions that we all know were never meant to include women in the roll of citizens, nor to give her the franchise, but those forcible arguments and earnest appeals and powerful presentations of the main issues of the woman movement to the people at large, which will compel them to see the justice of our cause, and grant our claims. The politicians of the day are mere puff-balls. They jump and dance and turn summersaults as they are moved. There are not a dozen politicians in America to-day who have any deep and strong and vital influence over the popular mind and heart. The more we dabble with such men, the more we shall compromise our cause in the public esteem and retard its consummation. We must make our appeal continually to the power behind the throne, and educate a sentiment and sympathy and determination in the public mind which politicians will not dare to disregard and legislatures will hasten to obey. Our contemporary will excuse the suggestion, which is merely a suggestion, and proceeds from our appreciation of its admirable spirit and the excellent work it is doing in an excellent way.

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LIFE AT THE WOMAN'S HOME.

On Elizabeth street, between Canal and Hester, and opposite a miserable row of tenement houses, with a lumber yard on one side and a livery stable on the other, stands a large brick building, formerly a negro tenement house, afterwards transformed by a number of wealthy gentlemen into what is now known as the Working Women's Home. The house is six stories high, extending back to Mott street. Along the side of the building runs a large hall, floored with stone. On the first floor is the office, a cheerful room, presided over by two young ladies, who keep the books and attend to the various requirements of the establishment. In its rear are the parlors, three large rooms covered with a pretty Brussels carpet; plenty of cane chairs are grouped about with tables at one end, and simple engravings hang on the wall. In the middle parlor sits a cabinet organ, and in the third a piano; a small library, containing such books as Franklin's Journal, Walter Brun's Geography, an ancient life of Walter Scott, and for light literature Russell's War Letters, and a bound volume of Merry's Museum. A reading desk occupies a place near the window, on which every morning finds the daily papers, over which a dozen busy heads are peeping. But the most attractive paper is the *Herald*, and the most closely perused departments of that are the "Situations," "Females," and "Personals."

Behind the parlors is the restaurant, a large, low, badly lighted apartment, filled with long, narrow tables, surrounded by stools. Here breakfast is served from half-past six to half-past seven, lunch from twelve to one, and dinner from six to seven. This first floor is called Cooper gallery. Ascending a flight of iron steps, we reach Aspinwall gallery. The front rooms are small, and devoted to the Superintendent and his family. The remainder of the floor is divided into fourteen long, narrow rooms, reaching from the side wall to the long stone hall. These rooms are lighted by one double window; each room is shared by five occupants, for whom are prepared five single iron beds, surrounded by white curtains, and three wash stands; a small space near the window is left vacant as a sitting-room and working-room for the five persons. The upper floors, denominated respectively, Lenox, Brown, Spencer, and Wolfe, are quite like the second floor. The house is capable of accommodating three hundred and fifty persons. At present, it has two hundred and fifty occupants.

In the basement is the cook-room and bathroom; the latter can be used by the different galleries on certain days, but it seldom is, on account of the inconvenience of its situation. To the house is attached a laundry, and provision is made for each boarder to have eight pieces of plain clothing washed, dresses exclusive; but it is not generally availed of by those who can do otherwise. For room rent, gng, washing, use of parlor and bath-room, \$1.25 per week is charged. Meals are obtained in the restaurant at such moderate prices as these: a cup of tea, or coffee, three cents; a plate containing one slice of beef or mutton, a potato and a piece of bread, eight cents; a saucer of hominy or oatmeal, four cents; a piece of pie, four cents. The boarders obtain checks at the office, and return them when ordering these meals. The food seems to

be well enough cooked, but the changes rung on "beef, potatoes, and squash," "mutton, potatoes, and cabbage," soon become wearisome, and all relish for food is lost, whatever it may be.

The conditions for entrance are strictly adhered to. Each applicant must bring satisfactory references. This is demanded by the Trustees. Such a precaution is doubtless necessary, but it seems strange that women who are continually lauded for their superior moral qualities, and working-women in particular, must bring a certificate of character to procure a night's lodging here, when men go wherever they will, and however companioned, and no questions are asked.

The boarders are all subject to the Superintendent, who can refuse to keep them if their conduct is unsatisfactory. Gentlemen are allowed to visit in the first parlor, but are required to leave at ten. At half past ten the house is closed, and any boarder coming in after five minutes past eleven, is fined twenty-five cents, which ingenious arrangement precludes any such amusements as the theatre or opera. The Home is kept scrupulously neat and orderly. The boarders are treated with a decent respect. They have shelter, light, warmth and food. What more can they desire? They represent all the professions, trades, and employments open to women; they rise early, swallow their breakfasts hurriedly, and are off to the store, the shop, the school, the factory, or the rooms where their machines sing all the long day, or their fingers fly over band, gusset, and seam. At night they return completely tired out. They go to the dining-room and eat their simple dinners. What then? They gather at the hall windows and hang listlessly out, and watch the dirty children playing on the street, the rough men gathering in the beer saloons, the tired mothers *en dishabille* chasing their ragged little ones on the sidewalk, or carrying their crying babies on their breasts. They can breathe the fetid odors that rise from the unclean street, and be leered at by clerks returning from their stores, who look up at the windows with the evident suspicion that the faces on exhibition are also for sale. When tired of this amusement they go back to the parlors, gather in knots and talk; and such talk as one hears? We all know what the conversation of weary, and not over cultivated women who, too tired to think, simply seek to be amused, must be. Looking into Elizabeth street is quite the more elevating recreation of the two. True, there is the organ, piano, and bookcase, but they are seldom, if ever opened, and could afford little entertainment if they were; and so the two hundred and fifty women, with all the boundless and irrepressible instincts of woman's nature throbbing and yearning in their souls, pine their lives away in this huge caravansary. They are happy? Yes. Why should they not be very happy? Do they not have linen bed curtains, beef and cabbage? What more should women want?

Some of these women have friends who come in to see them, and by their interest and attention make life endurable. It is easy to imagine how the desire for friends must burn in the hearts of these isolated women, whose affections are unanswered, and whose souls are dying up for want of the moist sympathies and refreshing tenderness which nothing but friends can communicate.

It is but natural that this desire should make everything else subservient to it, and that the weekly earnings should be spent for ribbons, and finery, and whatever else may serve to render the person more attractive. We blame these working girls for their extravagances in dress. They look on that as the only way to escape out of a lot which is little better than perdition.

There are no parks, fountains, or flowers, in the vicinity of Elizabeth street, to tempt the weary girls out of the confinement into the wholesome air and sweet communion with nature; and even if there were they would have to run the gauntlet of rude men, and the devil in human shape, seeking whom he may devour. Those who go out, walk on slippery places, and sometimes fall. So the only safety and the greater happiness is to be found in staying in the huge dreary parlors, and consuming of dry-rot. And this is life in a Woman's Home. The thing was conceived in kindness. It means well. It would be excellent if women were only made of wood and wire. But as women happen to be constructed of quite different materials, it is a little safer and better than the ordinary boarding-house; but bears about as close a resemblance to what young women actually need as a menagerie does to a real home. Until our charity is wise and comprehensive enough to bring men and women together in natural and human relations without danger, the problem of a Working-Woman's Home will remain unsolved.

EDUCATION AND ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

The Chicago *Standard* wants to have young women educated as well as young men, but questions whether they should be educated precisely alike. It asks if, in the new period which is coming, we shall not wish to have the home enlivened as now, to some degree at any rate, with the graces and melodies which womanly accomplishments contribute? "Grant that the girl graduates can construe Greek, or demonstrate mathematics, or reason metaphysics and logic quite as well or better than the boy graduates, will that be all we shall wish to have even in that millennial period when the women shall have all their rights?"

Certainly not. The men who graduate from colleges do not go through life construing Greek and demonstrating problems in Euclid. Three-quarters of them never turn back to Thucidides, or touch a geometry, or think of the metaphysics over which they puzzled their brains for weary weeks. The studies are forsaken, but the training, the intellectual discipline, the moral results of these hard, fine studies, remain as capital for future investment, and power to be applied wherever required. An educated woman will not make herself ridiculous by talking Latin, and quoting the Greek Anthology. She will have too much good sense to make herself a laughing stock by such pedantries and vanities as these. But her college drill will give her the strength, the vigor of mind, the training of faculty and will, the material and the standard for comparison, which she will find of incalculable service in all she ever undertakes and does.

The house is not the less tasteful and elegant for resting on a rock. What women need is not less accomplishments, but more of the solid education, the thorough training

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which serves as the proper foundations for all the graces and refinements. To-day women are accomplished to death. They have nothing but accomplishments. They have been taught to think that graces, and refinements, and elegancies, are everything. They put their lives into adornments. It is all ruffle and no garment. To sing and play the piano, and dance, and net, and sketch, and chaff, and entertain company, and dress, and visit, and the thousand other nothings that we have not the patience to mention—these make up the sum of a fashionable woman's existence; and underneath it all there is the weakness of undeveloped powers, the vacuity of an unstored mind, the listlessness and frivolity of an untrained soul—a woman in years, but a child, in everything that pertains to the real elements of her nature and ends of her life.

Never fear for the accomplishments. Women instinctively love them, and will provide for them. Trust her nature for that. But what she needs is a solid foundation of intellectual and moral discipline for the graces and refinements of civilized life. Give her this, and she will provide for all the rest; and nowhere else can this foundation be so well obtained as in the schools and colleges where young men are trained for the solid work of the world.

FANNY HOBART.

A New York correspondent of a Western paper, writing of lady journalists, recognizes the talent of one of the craft in the following fashion: "Fanny Hobart of the *Sunday Times* is another of that very small number of women who holds an editorial position on the New York press. And hers is no sinecure position. It requires regularity, effort, and patience. These accomplishments are not always found in the possession of a single individual, and rarely exercised by any member of her sex. For six years and more she has performed her allotted task for the paper, and never once failed to be on time with proof! What greater test of her ability and industry can be adduced than this? And when it is remembered that a woman's time is not recognized as of any value, and her household and family cares are really heightened because of her literary engagements, there surely is due a great deal of credit to one who has for so long a time successfully performed all life's duties, and been punctual with her MSS.

The work she does is adapted to her sex, and in this particular field of labor they excel. Fashion articles are not appreciated by the generality of men, and the amount of discrimination, taste, and judgment required to write a first-class report on this subject has never been understood by the editors who pay for them; and here, it is remarked, that because they are so unjustly valued and poorly paid for, is the reason why the majority of articles on the subject are utterly worthless. If all managing editors had the forethought to engage, at a liberal salary, competent fashion writers, there would be more such writers than there are, and very much more acceptable material than has yet been published on the subject.

Fanny Hobart, from having held her own so long on the *Times*, is well known to all the leading merchants of the city, and they afford her every facility for getting the most correct,

and at the same time the latest novelties in the world of style. With the exception of the fashion writer of Harper's *Bazar*, Miss Shanks, she ranks in real merit ahead of all the fashion writers of the New York press, and much of the success of the *Times* is due to the care and ability displayed in her department of the paper.

And who is Fanny Hobart? She is a Brooklyn lady, who, in her own home, is called the best mother, and most faithful wife a husband and children ever knew. Her friends and neighbors esteem her, and she is to all a thoughtful and considerate promoter of happiness and kindly feeling.

Lately, she has written articles for other journals and periodicals, and is at present engaged in preparing a volume of children's stories for publication. In this department of literature she excels. Fanny Hobart is not her real name; but as she has chosen to make it widely popular, it is scarcely fair to ask her to ignore it for her other title now. As Fanny Hobart, we have grown accustomed to her piquant effusions in the *Times*, and as such we extend to her a cordial welcome, and wish her encouragement in every new field her venturesome feet may dare to tread.

FACTS FROM REAL LIFE.

Miss —— is heiress to an estate, in the shire town of the county in which she lives.

The father, an eminent lawyer, did more to advocate the right of every woman, married or single, to her own property, than any man in his native state.

His daughter has, since his death, paid the same amount in taxes which he paid, although her income is probably less than one-twentieth of what he received for professional services alone.

Last year, she had occasion to make repairs, and build a barn. Early in the season she drew the money for the purpose from the bank, after paying taxes upon it, and, as the barn was finished before the assessment of property in the town, she was taxed again upon the improvements she had made.

Her remonstrances against this double taxation were of no avail, although three of the seven commissioners declared it an injustice, and used their influence against it.

In the same town resides a poor widow of seventy years of age. She is living on a very small place, left her by will, on condition that she keeps it in repair. At her death, it becomes the property of a nephew of hers, who was brought up in the family as one of the children. Not long ago, this nephew presented a claim to the immediate possession of the estate, founded on his assertion, that his aunt did not fulfil her part of the contract, as the place was out of repair. It was found, in the course of investigation, that seventy dollar's worth of hay and vegetables yearly is all the old lady can by any possibility raise on the place, and on less than that sum she cannot live.

The case is still pending. We should not be surprised any day to hear that the law has given the man possession, if, indeed, the poor old woman is not hurried into her grave by the fear of being turned out of house and home at her age.

Such is the much talked-of protection the present laws bestow on women.

FROM HEINE.

Dreaming, I saw the beloved one,
A woman careworn and pale,
Now withered away and faded
The form once blooming and pale.

One child she bore on her bosom,
By the hand another she led,
With misery writ in her features,
Her aspect, her garments, and tread.

She tottered across the market,
And there we meet again;
She looks upon me, and calmly
I say in bitterest pain:

"Come in with me to my dwelling,
For thou art pale and ill;
And I will patiently labor,
But thou shalt have thy fill."

"I will also tend and cherish
The babes thou hast with thee,
But thyself before any other.
Poor child of misery!"

"I never will think to upbraid thee,
With my love's early doom,
And will whenever thou diest,
Bitterly weep at thy tomb."

—Olive Logan and Anna Dickinson both refuse to be engaged this season through any of the Lecture Bureaus. It is suggested that the reason why these lecturers have taken their business into their own hands is, that the Bureaus are managed by men instead of women. The hint ought to be taken by some enterprising circle of business women, and a Women's Lecture Bureau organized. Why not? The best "cards" in the lecture field to-day are women. After excepting Gough, it may be safely asserted that Anna Dickinson, Olive Logan, Mrs. Stanton, Mrs. Livermore, Kate Field, and some few other women, are the most successful lecturers of the day—have more engagements, draw better houses, and yield a larger revenue to their employers. Why should "our friends, the gentlemen," reap all the profit of this feminine array? Olive Logan paid no less than a thousand dollars in commissions to the Lecture Bureau last season. Nobody knows what Anna paid, for she won't tell; but we guess it was a sum as big as Olive's. Why shouldn't a Woman's Lecture Bureau do this business and take these fat percentages off the lecturers' fees?

GOETHE's mother was one of the most enjoyable women we find in history. In a letter, when asked the secret of her happiness, she says: "Order and quiet are my principal characteristics. Hence I dispatch at once whatever I have to do, the most disagreeable always first. I am fond of people, and that every one feels directly, young and old. I pass without pretension through the world, and that gratifies men. I never moralize anyone; always seek out the good that is in them, and leave what is bad to Him who made mankind and who knows how to round off the angles. In this way I make myself happy and comfortable." In this way she made many beside herself happy and comfortable, and was a sunbeam to all who knew her.

WHEN mothers denounce the tyranny of the family relation, and proclaim that its yoke must be thrown off, then home life will pass into a tradition.

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Notes About Women.

—George Sand is dangerously ill.

—A seamstress's exclamation—A-hem!

—The best wood for cradles is rock maple.

—Cash advances—Attentions to a rich widow.

—The church for the affianced—St. All Bans.

—The fashion of exhibiting bridal presents is going out.

—A toast—Woman requires no eulogy; she speaks for herself.

—Carlotta, the widow of Maximilian, is quite ill, and cannot live long.

—Miss Fanny Draper is on the list of New York millionaires to the sum of \$1,500,000.

—A knowledge of French is now considered indispensable to a fashionable education.

—Mrs. Lydia Shacklin, who recently died at the age of 112, was the oldest woman in North Carolina.

—Miss Stebbins has completed a bronze statue, "The Angel of the Croton," for the Central Park fountain.

—The wife of the Czarowitz of Russia, is said to be the most attractive and charming lady in the court circles of Europe.

—The widow of the German poet, Ludwig Uhland, lately presented his valuable library to the University of Zubingen, which has 647 students.

—At the marriage of the lieutenant-colonel of the Guards, in London, a few weeks since, the six bridesmaids wore long, green dresses with trimmings to match.

—The "Helping-Hand Association," in this city, whose object is to improve the condition of working-women by helping them to help themselves, has four hundred women under instruction.

—A Boston physician says that four young girls, full of intelligence and promise, have been killed outright by the severity of the tasks imposed upon them in a high school in that vicinity.

—A new style of sacque for street wear is of light colored cashmere, braided or embroidered with floss silk a shade or two darker. The fringe is composed of little balls of silk of two colors, and the sleeves are made quite large.

—Miss Elizabeth Peckham, a clear, vigorous thinker and fine speaker of the radical type, has preached acceptably in the Universalist Church, at Dubuque, Iowa, and one of her essays, read before a conversation-club, is very highly praised.

—“Jenny,” said a landlady to her help the other morning, “Jenny, was there any fire in the kitchen last night, while you were sitting up?” “Only just a spark, ma’am,” was the reply. The landlady looked suspiciously at Jenny, but the innocent girl went on scrubbing and humming “Katy Darling.”

—In addition to her able lecture on “Women and her Abilities,” Miss Minnie C. Swayze has prepared for the coming season a very interesting lecture entitled “Santo Domingo.” A young, fresh, well-balanced mind can hardly fail to give new significance to this already much-discussed subject.

—It is thought that women are to good to be humorists. They are too pure and saint-like and enthusiastic to understand the masculine cynicism, and they hate to be told that any cause to which they have given their affections has, after all, a tinge of absurdity. They are naturally hero-worshippers.

—Miss Kate Field read her lecture on Dickens to a large, private company of literary and other friends, while in London, and her effort elicited universal commendation. She declined all invitations to lecture in public, however, and has cancelled her engagements for the season here, on account of the recent death of her mother.

—A writer on chignons says: “It is related in Moore's *Lalla Rookh* that a Persian lady let down her tresses to assist her lover in his ascent to the terrace where she awaited him. In this particular use modern tresses would be decidedly convenient. They could be fastened to the top of the wall, and save the tension of the lady's scalp.

—A lady, impelled to seek recreation in the country during the summer months, writes back despairingly: “Did you ever revel in the gayeties of a half-grown, torpid village, where a walk to the grave-yard was the only recreation, and where, if you indignantly refused to walk, you were shudderingly reminded, ‘Ah, poor child, you may have to go there soon?’”

—The *Home Journal* says that in more respects than one, Mrs. Piatt, author of “A Woman's Poems,” is the legitimate successor of Alice Cary. She has the same sweetness, and the same quaintness of expression—the same naïve and native freedom and grace—with almost equal delicacy of imagination, and occasional gleams of a fanciful, fairy-like *fantasquerie*.

—Somebody says that Phoebe Cary never married; not, however, because she never was sought in marriage. Undoubtedly, except for leaving Alice to fight the battle of life alone, Phoebe would have married years ago. A distinguished American divine, whose name is in all the churches, once offered her his hand and heart. But her only possible husband was Alice. She remained wedded to this mate for life, and reclasps her again after death.

—Madam Schwartz, the Swedish author, whose tales are becoming quite popular in this country, writes to her translators that, “If you have read ‘The Man of Birth, and Woman of the People,’ you will also find that I have loved and admired America, and regarded that continent as the cradle of the highest ideas. You can then understand how great is my joy and gratitude when I, through you, see a possibility that this fresh American people shall become interested in the Swedish Literature.”

—Colored women and girls have become a favorite class of servants with the housekeepers of New York and Boston. Labor agents at Richmond says that the demand for colored women from both the cities named is very great and still increasing. They cannot fill half the orders for such servants, and one agent now advertises for five hundred women and girls to go North, promising from \$12 to \$20 per month. Those colored servants get at Richmond from \$8 to \$10 per month—rarely more than \$10.

—Mrs. Mary Jane Owen, wife of Robert Dale Owen, breathed her last at her home in New Harmony, on Friday evening of last week, after an illness of little more than a week. Her remains were followed to the grave on Sunday by nearly all the citizens of New Harmony, by whom she was held in the very highest esteem. This estimable lady was loved for her deeds of kindness and charity, as well as admired for her strength of mind and literary acquirements.

—There is nothing like a wife to bring a man to his senses. It is related of one in Illinois that recently he was sent home from the State Asylum for the Insane as incurably mad. On arriving he first saw his daughters, and said, “Well, girls, you are keeping house alone, are you?” His wife entered the room and he started as from a dream, throwing both hands to his head, and exclaiming, “Jane, I thought you were dead; is it indeed you?” The shock did for him what medical aid had not done. He recovered his reason entirely, and thus far retains it.

—George W. Curtis quotes Dean Swift's remark, that “the natural levity of the sex will, if woman is educated, upset her reason, that she will be very apt to despise her husband, and the more she knows the worse she will become,” and says: “In Dean Swift's time such was the tenderness of women that they consented to remain ignorant, so as not to shame their husbands. I have no doubt that the indecency of that period of writing was induced by the fact that men only wrote books, intending them to be read only by men.”

—One reason of the unpopularity of Queen Victoria is the fact that she does not exhibit herself in public on every possible occasion. The *Times* says: “A sovereign who is never or rarely seen is an institution, and not a person. It is not merely what the Queen does that renders her important; it is that what would have to be done in any case is done by the Queen. If she ceases to do it, there is so far an abeyance of the most essential features of a monarchial system. The abeyance may be endured for a time without harm; but every year of its continuance weakens the sentiments it condemns to disuse.”

—Although suttee is about weeded out in India, an instance recently occurred in the Ghazubon district. It is said that the victim, a woman of the Banee caste, was strongly bent on performing suttee at the cremation of her husband, but was with some difficulty dissuaded from her purpose for the moment. Some hours later, however, the impulse returned on her irresistibly. She made the necessary preparations for her own sacrifice almost unassisted, and about midnight effected her dreadful purpose. It was done almost secretly, only a few witnesses being present. Those few, however, have been arrested.

—Mary L. Booth first distinguished herself as an historian and translator, and for many years confined herself almost exclusively to those two departments; but since 1867, when she was placed at the head of the *Bazaar*, she has contributed greatly by her rare taste and discrimination toward making that journal one of the most excellent of its class. Her yearly salary of four thousand dollars attests the high estimate of her services by Harper Brothers, though it by no means limits the

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annual income of this industrious woman. Her brain and pen are ever busy; and, notwithstanding her regular newspaper duties, the work of the translator and chronicler still goes on.

—Elizabeth Stuart Phelps says: "It is not true that the Christian religion requires the practice of its principles from one-half of the human race to the substantial exclusion of, and for the convenience of the other. It is not true that the New Testament demands or expects of men an allegiance of self-development only, and of women only an allegiance of self-depression. It is not true that the most symmetrical character is necessarily that of the pensive and patient, expressionless and *selfless* feminine type with which we are all familiar—a type around which Heaven often kindly throws the halo of its very peace, but which is probably as unlike the standard of high attainments of grace in Heaven as the moon is unlike the sun."

—There are a vast number of superstitious notions respecting marriage floating about in the community; but most of those in circulation here are imported from England. Among them are these: It is unlucky to put off a wedding when once the day has been fixed; to be married when the sun is not shining on the bride; to marry any one out of whose initials and your own a word can be formed; to meet a wolf, dog, cat, lizard, serpent, spider or toad, on the way to the church. It is fatal for a bride to hear a cat sneeze the day before the wedding; and for her to omit throwing away every one of the pins in her bridal dress; if she retains a single one of them, nothing will go right. If there be an odd number of wedding guests, one of them will die before the year is out.

—A letter-writer says, very truly, that New York is not so much a place of high life as of high living. The people who move in the highest circles are not the people who live high. The great families whose ancient name has given them a semi-noble station in society, the Astors, Livingstons, etc., live well, of course, but quietly—somewhat like a well-regulated family in Europe. They have been accustomed to wealth and its luxuries all their lives; what should they care to show off before the world? Mrs. A. T. Stewart, when she goes to Saratoga, dresses very plainly. She can afford to do so; society will fawn round her, nevertheless. As soon as you have reached here, a point where you are above society, you are absolved from its commands. You can defy it and its shams; you need not dress well; need not sport fast horses; build palatial stables; give large parties, if you have ten millions of dollars. If you have sixty, you may even be penurious, mean, shabby—the genteel world will make you, nevertheless, its finest courtesy, and forgive you for the sake of your money.

—Harriet N. Spofford has written a very interesting account of New England legends, in which she tells all about Capt. Kidd, the Salem witchcraft, the semi-supernatural stories of Portsmouth and Newburyport, and the Ursuline Convent at Charlestown, which was destroyed by a mob many years ago. Mrs. Richard Greenough has written Four Stories of the Supernatural, which are said to be extremely fascinating. Amanda M. Douglass is finishing her series of the juvenile books. Mrs. Whitney has promised Real Folks, a new vol-

ume of the same order as Leslie Goldthwaite, for October. Mrs. Stowe will have two new juvenile books ready for press in November. Grace Greenwood is revising two of her books that are now out of print, and Helen Hunt has a volume in press. Lee & Shepard publish Madame Schwartz's novels, find an increasing demand for them as they follow each other from the press, and Miss Prescott is engaged on a new work for Roberts' Brothers. This shows how that the women who have won a place in the literary world, have plenty for their quick wits and nimble fingers to do.

—Grace Greenwood writes one of her charming letters to the *Times* from Denver, where she visited the circus, and was astonished by the agility and skill and daring displayed. She says: "By far the most accomplished that night were women, in especial, two blondes, who did the most daring and astonishing things on the trapeze, and on the tapis, as acrobats, and, oh, heavens! as tumblers! It was, to me, very dreadful—a revolting, almost ghastly exhibition of woman's right. An old-fashioned conservative could not have been more shocked when Elizabeth Blackwell went into medicine, and Antoinette Brown into divinity, than I was at seeing these women, in horrible undress, swinging, and tumbling, and plunging heels over head out of their sphere. Still, it was something to see that women could be so courageous, so skillful, and so strong—could attain such steadiness of nerve and firmness of muscle, and still retain, with all their tremendous physical exertions, the beauty and grace of their forms and all the fullness and soft curves of youth! I had unmixed delight in the wonderful riding, skill and daring, quiet confidence and matchless physical strength of a young California girl, called Polly Lee.

She managed, with the utmost ease and grace, four horses, having four younger brothers and sisters swarming all over her. She supports, in more ways than one, the whole family.

—A correspondent of the Cincinnati *Times* writes as follows: "Jennie June," wife of D. G. Croly, is managing editor of the *World*, and the controlling spirit in *Demorest's Monthly*. Mrs. Croly's connection with the New York press dates back farther than that of any other so engaged at present. She discovered her literary powers very early in life, and readily learned to put them to profitable use; at a time, too, when men, the most appreciative and kindly disposed, were inclined to ridicule the idea of woman's fitness for any branch of journalism. She was first engaged on the *Times*, but on the establishment of *Demorest's Monthly*, the enterprising proprietor of that periodical offered her a larger salary, and enticed her away to the sanctum of fashion. There she has remained ever since, and from there have gone forth the thousands of manifold letters which have made her *non^{ne} de plume* a household name throughout the land. This system of correspondence was originated by "Jennie June," and proved to be one of the happy hits of her literary career. Beginning, of course, on a small scale, she gradually won her way as authority on questions of dress, till before many years nearly every prominent journal in the country was glad to boast of "Jennie June" as its fashion contributor; and to-day that branch of her work alone realizes to its

projector a handsome income. At one time she prepared and dispatched every one of these letters herself, but long since she delegated that unenviable task to a competent clerk."

—Miss Yonge, in her "Pioneers and Founders," pays a high tribute to the first Mrs. Judson: "Some who are living will remember the impression made by the beautiful and queenly Ann Haseltine, at Washington and elsewhere, on the occasion of her revisiting her native country some years before her death. Her accomplishments, her grace, her gentle, refined enthusiasm attracted to her the intelligence and culture of the land, religious and irreligious, wherever she appeared. Yet this woman willingly spent her life in the midst of privations and dangers, such as would appal many a manly heart. Her courageous effort to save her husband's life when he was cast into prison and loaded down with fetters by the Burmese, at the approach of the English army, and her painfully resolute endeavors to minister to his wants and to the wants of his fellow-prisoners, never will be forgotten as long as a wife's devotion and true heroism are admired." The work women have rendered in the missionary cause, and the success that have attended her labors are known only to the All-knowing. Judson's third wife was Fanny Forrester; and when Willis introduced her to the public, the sprightly freshness of her style came like a west wind from the hills into the sultry city. Her secret life, as she struggled with penury, and spent all the hard-earned gains of her pen for the comfort of her dependent and helpless parents, revealed the spirit which carried her out to these same self-denials as the wife of this devoted missionary.

—Charles H. Brigham has written a number of admirable articles on practical subjects for the *Herald of Health*, but none of them contains a truer or more needed sentiment that is fittingly expressed in the following passage from his paper on Home Life:

"There is a painful absurdity in talking of the pleasure of home when the children of the house are scattered, or the parents are perpetually absent. A father who spends all his time in his shop, or in his club, except the hours of the night in which he sleeps, or the minutes which he gives for meals, knows nothing of the satisfaction of home. This is one of the solecisms of American life, that men of wealth lavish so much upon their houses, but are in these houses so little. The children, too, are sent away to boarding schools or to Europe, and three-quarters of the great house remains unoccupied. * * * In the changes of fortune, it is inevitable that the family circle should be broken up. The lone widow, whose children have gone away from her as they have married and settled in life, may speak of her "home" as the place where she has lived so long, though now no one is with her there. The forms of the departed are there in her thought, and she has society in her memories. But while the children are yet in tender years and in leading-strings, home implies that they are together in the house, and are not scattered in foreign and uncongenial abodes. For a good part of every week-day, for a large part of every Sunday, the parents and children ought to be in each other's close society. It is more important for a man of business to be in his home, than to provide merely for its enlargement. The "club" is no place for one who has wife and children, it is an institution for the refuge of grim and forlorn celibates, and even for them is of doubtful value. Genuine home-life implies a hearty love for the society in the house, which will hold this as close and as long as the children are willing to remain. Home is a place for men as much as for women, for the sons as much as for the daughters. And no one has a truer home, when there is any place that he loves better to be in than his home. Even the church must be second to this."

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Contributions.

MAN SUFFRAGE.

BY FISHER AMES.

The great question of the day is that of woman suffrage. None is more generally discussed or of more practical importance. That women are not fitted to exercise the right of suffrage, is the principal position of those who maintain the negative. Now, let us take this test of adaptation, and see whether men are fitted for or worthy of the ballot. For while we are criticising so severely the claims of women, the enquiry, at least, is just.

First: Men are unworthy of the ballot because in their political action they are governed by *policy* instead of principle. Policy is their sole criterion in the choice of candidates. Policy rules when platforms are framed, and statutes are voted up or down from policy, oftentimes in total disregard of the public good. Look at the facts, and tell me candidly, could women act in more unprincipled or more unworthy ways, if allowed the ballot, than men have acted from the first?

Women have interests to be cared for, and rights to be guarded no less than men. Are those interests safe and those rights secure in the hands of representatives so totally unscrupulous as these political guardians have proved themselves to be? It is useless to say, "A majority of the women regard their interests as safe in men's hands." This is not a question for majorities to decide. It is a question of fact, of right and wrong. If majorities could settle such questions, every great reform would have been crushed in its infancy. Truth is truth, and right is right, though their advocates are few and feeble and the whole world rises up to oppose and condemn them. The most valuable rights we possess were at first advocated by feeble minorities who slowly fought their way to victory. The institution of slavery was a curse and disgrace from the beginning, though centuries elapsed without finding any one who dared to cry out against it. It is one of the noblest things on record—the triumph of minorities over the wrongs which majorities have inflicted.

Second: Men are unworthy of the ballot, because, for the furtherance of their party purposes, they have unhesitatingly made voters of thousands who cannot read the ballot which they cast. This is one of the evils of man suffrage. Women certainly, if allowed the ballot, could be guilty of practices no worse than these which have put our great cities into the hands of mobs.

Third: Man suffrage is unsafe. There are thousands of men, who, at every election, stand ready to sell their votes to the highest bidder, and often do sell them for liquor enough to make them brutes; unscrupulous politicians stand ready to buy voters at every election. Look at these facts, and tell me, Can men be safely entrusted with the ballot which they cast? Are they the safe representatives of women at the polls? Would it not be more modest for them to prove their own unworthiness before they attempt to prove woman's unworthiness? Let them show their own fitness before they attempt to advocate woman's unfitness? Has not man

suffrage proved itself venal, selfish and unsafe by actual experiment.

Fourth: Men are not deserving of the ballot, because they abuse its privileges. In stead of selecting the most moral and deserving of their number to represent the public interests in legislation, they too often choose the most unscrupulous and dishonest. As a general rule, politician and villain are synonymous terms. In politics, honesty is studiously shunned, and integrity treated with contempt. Head your ticket with the names of such men, and grant the women the electoral franchise, and they would consign every political knave and trickster and trader in principles to a political oblivion so deep that mention of their names would never more be made. And this is why politicians of the ordinary type are opposed to giving women the ballot.

Fifth: Man suffrage is venal. Venal voters elect our legislators, and venal legislators make our laws. The passage or defeat of a measure in many legislatures has become solely a question of dollars and cents. The repeal of an obnoxious law can usually be obtained only by purchase. Look at our legislatures, and tell me if right and wrong have not a market price? Do they not make questions of conscience questions of coin? To what source shall these evils be referred if not to man suffrage? Who but men have and cast the ballot?

Sixth: Man suffrage has been guilty of countless national abuses. Did it not legalize slavery and recognize its constitutionality? Great moral questions, questions of right and wrong, are never safely entrusted to the charge of men alone. They too often are governed by policy, and reason and act from a selfish consideration. Women, more moral, more conscientious and humane than men, are consequently safer guardians of human rights.

We oppose man suffrage, and woman suffrage also, unless each is supplemented by the other; each without the other is unbalanced. Man suffrage, without this moral force of woman's franchise to restrain and guide it, is like the horse without the rein, the car without the brake, or the machine without the balance-wheel. Never shall we have a perfect system of legislation and a perfect government till this truth is recognized and practiced. But every argument against giving the suffrage to women may be met with a corresponding argument of equal strength against giving it to men; and the opponents of man suffrage in England and elsewhere borrow the same arms taken from the same arsenal, which the opponents of woman suffrage employ among us.

SAN FRANCISCO, AUG. 1, 1871.

PIONEER WORK.

BY ROWENA LAROE.

The ascent of Mt. Washington, on the railroad, is one of the events of my life which I shall always recall with the liveliest satisfaction. The novelty of the trip was greatly enhanced by the fact that we happened there when everything was in a rough, unfinished state,—the track having been completed but two miles up, that being two-thirds of the entire line of the road; enough, however, to prove the project a success.

As they were running only a construction train we were obliged to ride on a load of lumber, and were so fortunate as to have the company of the projector and builder of the road, Mr. Marsh.

As we were pushed slowly, and as it seemed, laboriously up the steep ascent by the little engine, he, in a quiet, modest way, told us somewhat of his experience as a pioneer.

For one who succeeds in applying well-known laws to accomplish new and untried results, does the work of a pioneer in science as much as he who, by patient and persistent investigation, discovers unknown laws.

Mr. Marsh said some called him a fool; others said he was crazy; that the road could never be built, and if it could people would be afraid to ride upon it. "But," said he, "there has never been a person here, man or woman, who was afraid to try it."

As we sat there, moving up and up, amid the glories of mountain scenery, I must confess to a touch of the sentiment of hero worship as I realized the immense brain and will-power with which that plain elderly man was endowed.

The experience of pioneers, in all the different departments of life-work, is not very dissimilar. The strong and courageous few must go forward and clear the way, make the roads, and bridge the streams; when all is ready the many flock in and join in possessing the land. So will it be with this reform in which we are engaged. We are told that if the women were allowed to vote, only a few would ever do it.

But we shall see that the women of Iowa will not have been enfranchised three years until they will vote as universally and unflinchingly as the men do now.

The present advanced stage of civilization has wonderfully modified the work of the pioneer.

In clearing new lands, and building up new States, owing to great improvements in machinery, greater facilities for transportation, and a larger general intelligence, the deprivations to be endured are much lessened, and obstacles far more easily overcome than formerly.

And in moral reforms the difference is equally marked. We know the time is not yet passed when people are "persecuted for opinion's sake," but it is a mild persecution. It is not at all pleasant to be ridiculed, or have the cold shoulder turned to us because we advocate unpopular justice. Still harder is it to have motives of every degree of baseness imputed to us, as is done by the more intolerant and malignant of our opponents. Still they do not pelt us with brickbats and rotten eggs, and I believe it is not so much because the earlier and rougher pioneer work in this cause has been accomplished, as it is that the people have risen above the use of tar and feathers, brickbats and eggs, as arguments with which to combat truth, and stop the growth of ideas.

In view of this, let us "thank God and take courage." Though there is apparently so much indifference on the part of women, and so few are inclined to join us in this work, yet the leaven is surely working, and in time the whole mass will be leavened. Just here, if I may be allowed a word of warning, I would say, let us beware of a spirit of intolerance. It is a true child of Satan, and should be persistently bidden to get behind us. It is not my

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purpose here to speak of the reasons why we should persevere in this work, but we know them, and see them every day. So let us go forward in a spirit of love—a love of truth and humanity—and in so far as we do it in this spirit, be assured God says to us—He has always said to workers in the cause of truth—"Go forward."

IRISH NATIONAL SUFFRAGE SOCIETY.

BY ANNA ROBERTSON.

A meeting of the Dublin Committee for Women's Suffrage was held on 22d July, at St. James' Place, Blackrock, Mrs. Robertson presiding. Letters were read from D. C. Heron, Esq., Q. C., M. P. for Tipperary; Miss Frances Power Cobbe; Colonel Sir Arthur Phayre, K. C. B.; Mrs. Orr, Brooklawn, Blackrock; Sir John Bowring, F. R. S., and Lady Bowring; P. A. Taylor, Esq., M. P., and Mrs. Taylor; and E. W. O'Brien, Esq., D. L. Cahirmoyle, county Limerick, all signifying their wish to become members of the Irish Society for Women's Suffrage.

Miss Sharman Crawford and Mr. Houghton, J. P., Dublin, were re-elected members for the ensuing year. The following, also, have been placed on the list of members: Lady Wilde, Dublin, Miss Ashworth, and Miss Lilius Ashworth, Claverton Lodge, Bath, and Lorenzo Nixon Nunn, Esq., Middleton House, county Wexford, and Mrs. Nunn. Miss Anne Isabella Robertson, the gifted author of "Myself and my Relatives" and of "Society in a Garrison Town," to whose exertions the whole movement in Ireland in favor of women's suffrage owes its origin and its success, addressed the meeting, with all that grace of manner and ease of expression which always attracts so much admiration whenever she speaks even a few words.

Upon this occasion she moved a resolution thanking the Irish members of Parliament who voted last May in the British Parliament in favor of giving the franchise to women, and she said that the Society for Women's Suffrage had reason to congratulate itself upon the support given to the movement by eminent persons of different political parties. Mr. Disraeli had voted in favor of giving votes to women, and Mr. Gladstone said in Parliament, last May, that the English laws had hitherto done "much less than justice to women." Those ladies, therefore, who imagined that the interests of women had always been safe in the hands of men, might see that men, who are leaders among men, did not agree with them. At the same time it need not be feared that men and women would be placed in antagonism to each other if women got electoral power for their own protection, as experience showed that, wherever the movement was understood, it counted among its supporters as many men as women. The days of injustice and oppression were departing from among us. Whatever our ancestors might have thought as to slavery and serfdom of men, and glaring cruelty and unfairness towards women, the men of the present day were not, in general, inclined to support tyranny. As education and enlightenment spread, it would be seen more clearly every day that freedom was ennobling, and a blessing to men and women alike—not freedom to do evil, but freedom to do good, freedom

to enable God's gifts of talent or genius when bestowed on either sex to bear fruit richly and add to the glory of civilization and Christianity.

DUBLIN, Aug. 1. 1871.

RECEIVING COMPANY.

BY HARRIET N. AUSTIN.

There is something wrong when to entertain company is a burden. Some women always find it so because they are lacking in social qualities, but this is a defect in character. No one can be complete as a woman who cannot enjoy the society of her fellows—not one person simply, or two or three chosen friends, or members of her own family—but people generally. One need not like a crowd or large assemblies, and still like to be social with her neighbors in a general way. Where sociability is lacking, it may and should be cultivated. The value of living does not consist in gratifying those qualities which persons possess in large measure, but rather in seeking to exercise and develop those which are deficient, thus producing symmetry of character.

Timidity make some women unsocial; but this, too, is a defect which by proper effort may be in a measure supplied. If one dreads to receive company because she feels afraid or bashful, she ought all the more to seek society and work against this failing of hers, and instead of feeling it to be a hardship, she may learn to find satisfaction and gratification in the opportunity to improve herself.

One may even learn to entertain with comfort and satisfaction those whom she dislikes. Indeed, we may often receive greater benefit in associating with persons whom we do not like, than with those toward whom our feelings particularly attract us. It may not be a person's fault that he is not agreeable to us. By cheerful, cordial, friendly intercourse with such a one, we may be able to give a passing pleasure, or a lasting gratification, and we ought to be glad to do it. We ought to be able to say, "I am glad to see you," in sincerity (and it should never be spoken except in sincerity) to one toward whom our untrained impulses would not incline us, if good neighborhood requires us to meet such an one at all.

Sociability should always be a means of improvement, and never of demoralization to us, yet we may cherish a hearty good will which shall enable us to associate with those who are below us in intelligence, culture, and even in moral character, not only with pleasure and profit to them, but with pleasure and profit to ourselves also. A woman can afford to be genially and friendly social with those not so good as herself, to the extent that she is conscious of intrinsic strength, purity, and humanness toward them. So she will confer good and get no harm, but more, she will be made stronger, better, and more humane. The woman who is afraid to speak to one beneath her lest she compromise herself and lose her dignity, must feel that she is weak in position, reputation, or character.

NEWSPAPER MORALITY.

This is a subject of grave importance. It cannot well be overestimated. In physics and metaphysics, in political economy, com-

merce, social science, physical science, theology and common morality, the newspaper is the educator of the people. Its influence exceeds all other instrumentalities. The pulpit gives its stereotyped hebdominal homilies, and then is comparatively silent for the remainder of the week; but the press is ubiquitous and perpetual. Daily, almost hourly, in some form, in city and country, into the minds of young and old it pours a ceaseless current of life or death.

"Like priest, like people," is old and true. Like press, like people, is new, but also true. The press manufactures morals, and then reflects the morality it manufactures. It is responsible for much of what we call evil in civil society. If the press is under the influence of selfish and sordid motives; if it is given over to secular and material ideas and influences, it can only reflect these and their logical sequences, and its influence is bad. If, on the other hand, it is inspired with a love of truth, justice and humanity, it will give expression to what is true and right, and oppose all that is wrong, and stamp its condemnation on what is false, unjust and mercenary.

There is no reason why the same rules shall not apply to the press, in all its relations to human interests, that applies to an individual in his relations to his fellow man. If truth and justice should regulate his conduct toward another man or a community of men, then truth and justice should be the standards for these public educators. If a man must speak the truth, and lift his voice on the side of right, so must the press, or be condemned for its utterance. The press has no more right to prevaricate, conceal, misrepresent, falsify and commit injustice, because it is impersonal and speaks from a column of type, than any individual member of society who utters his words from his tongue. All departures from morality on the part of the press are not only demoralizing to its managers and destructive to its final influence, but are also demoralizing to readers, and tend to lessening public respect for truth and justice.

The same rules which apply to the commerce of the individual should apply to the commerce of the press. If the editors of papers have no right to print untruths or circulate an injustice, they have no right to do so through reporters and contributors, nor to sell their columns for purposes that are subversive of the good order and morals of society.

A fine distinction is drawn between the editorial and advertising columns of a paper, and it is assumed that in the latter it is right to put what would be improper elsewhere. Allow that an ordinary advertisement is a mere sign, which readers understand has no editorial endors; but there are some signs a decent man with a decent regard for the proprieties of life will not put on his front door. But almost every paper contains puffs and notices which are quasi-editorial, and are paid for at a much higher rate than ordinary advertisements because of their quasi-editorial character; and for these the paper is and should be held responsible. Furthermore, has one a right to aid and receive pay for aiding, even indirectly, what he knows to be wrong? Were a more scrupulous regard to the character of advertisements maintained by the press, its influence for good would be immeasurably enhanced.

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LAURA CURTIS BULLARD, EDITOR.

All persons are invited to send to this journal, from all parts of the world, facts, comments, resolutions, criticisms, reports, and stories concerning women's education, employment, wages, disabilities, confinement, and general welfare. Communications should be accompanied by the names of the writers, and always for publication, not as a guarantee of authenticity. The editor is not responsible for the opinions of contributors, and reserves a wide freedom and diversity of speech. Selected manuscripts will not be returned except when accompanied by the requisite postage stamps. All letters should be addressed to The Revolution Association, Box 3003, New York City. Office (where the other editor may be found daily), No. 11 Fulton street, near Fulton Ferry, Brooklyn.

NEW YORK, AUG. 24, 1871.

TERMS.—Two Dollars per annum, in advance. Single copies, five cents.

We will send one copy of <i>The Revolution</i> and <i>Frank Leslie's Magazine</i> for.....	33 50
Any other of Frank Leslie's periodicals, in connection with our own paper, for.....	5 00
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BLOOD AND CULTURE.

If there was ever a place which was calculated to upset all one's theories of "good blood," Ems is that one.

From childhood we have been taught, republicans though we are, that "blood tells." As in the animal kingdom thoroughbreds are the finest of their species, so we learn to think that "blue blood" and a long ancestry must produce the best specimens of the human race. To be sure Flora Temple had no pedigree, but, we are told, that she is the exception which proves the rule, and that to have fine stock, great care must be taken to mate thoroughbred with thoroughbred.

There are not wanting those who lament that prejudice, as they call it, and a rigorous public opinion forbids the application of the same principles to the human race, which practical men have found so successful when used for the refinement of the lower animal kingdom.

Mr. Noyes, of the Oneida Community, in the one experimental issue of the *Free Thinker*—that magazine whose first appearance was its last—made himself the spokesman of that school of philosophers who would apply the same laws to the improvement and development of the human race which have been so admirable in their results when horses, cows, sheep, swine and dogs have been the subjects of their experiments. And a Wall street merchant, in a recent number of *Woodhull & Claffin's Weekly*, is quoted as the author of a similar sentiment, when he said he prided himself on his blooded stock of cows and horses, but had no such pride in the

children God had given him, since in one case he had obeyed the laws of nature, and in the other only the mandates of society.

If Mr. Noyes and the Wall street broker could spend a few weeks in Ems, which is the place where most of all congregate the "blue blood," not only of Germany, but of Russia, France, Italy, England—in short, of all the European nations—they might change their views upon the influence of pedigree in the human family.

A rigid public opinion in all these countries has forbidden for centuries the inter-marriage of any except those of a like high rank and station.

The unwritten laws of custom, as we all know, are far more more inexorable and more willingly submitted to than any edicts which one finds in the statute books, and it is only the rare exception when noble does not wed with noble in any of these countries. What is the result? Come to Ems and see for one's self.

The list of transient visitors here is published weekly. It is one long catalogue of Royal Highnesses, counts and countesses, earls, dukes, marquises, barons, lords—in short—of all sorts of nobility from all lands. When you walk out you meet them everywhere. At the theatre, the evening concerts, the balls, the table d'hôte, above all, at the springs you are jostled by them constantly; and yet, if they are not pointed out to you by some one who knows their names and titles, we would defy any man or woman to decide which among the crowd are of noble or of ignoble blood.

Even King William, the newly made emperor, of the long line of Hohenzollern, has nothing in his face, person or manner to distinguish him from the common herd of well-dressed and well-behaved men.

Yet the pride of the German nobility is proverbial; their line of ancestry is more clearly defined and more carefully preserved than that of almost any other nation; and yet, what of the ancient Hanoverian line as represented in the Royal family of England? In person they are all plain, not to say *vulgar*, in the extreme, and in mind certainly not *above*, if they are up to the average, men and women of the country over which they reign.

To another ancient family, the Bourbons, no claim for beauty can be allowed, though the hereditary trait of self-esteem and inability to learn by experience is universal.

Europe has at last taught one lesson to republican America which is worth her attention: That "blue blood" does not produce in man, whatever it may do in the lower animal kingdom, even fine *physical* development. As to mental power, look at the great men and women of the world, from Shakespeare, Raphael, Mozart, Napoleon, Rachel, and a host of others whose fame is immortal, they had no ancestry to boast of. The great names of this world, whether linked with literature, art, statesmanship, science, war, or any other of the methods by which men or women have achieved immortality, do not, as a general rule, belong to the so-called higher classes.

To be sure, this rule is not without its exceptions. Catharine II., of Russia, Peter the Great, Frederick the Great, of Prussia, and Henry the Fourth of France, and a few other

great men and women did have good blood in their veins; but they are only the rare instances which prove the impartiality of our Creator, who did not restrict genius or talent to any class whether high or low.

It is also true that when once a man or woman has achieved fame, there are always a plenty of sycophants to be found who would make a pedigree for them, as the flatterers of the Caesars claimed a divine ancestry for these Roman emperors.

But Napoleon I. showed the ring of true metal when he disdained this ignoble pretension, and replied to those who boasted in his presence of their noble descent, "I am greater still, for I have *founded* a family and a race." What then does tell upon the progress of the human family?

Blood most certainly does *not*, but education and culture *do*. Blood may and often does leave a man common in appearance, vulgar in tastes and coarse in manners, but education and culture transmute the base metal of humanity into truly God-like manhood. Not only do they refine a man's manners, soften his features and change his whole expression, but they rouse his intellect and enlarge his heart. By their noble but potent action they raise the lowest of the human species from the mere brute to the true gentleman.

In so far, then, as rank and wealth are used for the worthy ends of educating and elevating the race, they are great advantages to be prized and honored by all men and women.

But blood alone, the mere accident of birth or the inheritance of wealth are *nothing*, without they are accompanied by the toil and struggle which every human being must pay if he would have culture.

Unfortunately, men and women who have these opportunities for self-improvement do *not* universally avail themselves of their advantages. Proud of their high station they cease to strive to be worthy of it, and, therefore, the rank and wealth which exalt them above their fellows in position serve only to show their utter worthlessness.

The most plebeian assemblage in any land would therefore show as much beauty of person and eloquence of manners, as the crowd of nobility now gathered at Ems from all parts of the civilized world.

It is at once a discouraging and an encouraging spectacle; for if men do not make the most of themselves under the most favorable circumstances, yet the culture which alone ennobles the race is within the reach of all. The poorest may raise himself by his own efforts to the loftiest heights of refinement and true nobility, and it is something for which a republican has to thank God, that gentlemen and gentlewomen are *not* born but made.

GO FORWARD.

We are told that in the escape of the Israelites from the bondage of the Egyptians, they were commanded to "go forward." And this must always be the watchword of whoever would achieve or attain to anything better than that they have known hitherto.

One of the immutable conditions of our being is that we cannot have something for nothing. Not much of greatness, or strength, or goodness comes to that soul, which is but a passive recipient, never giving its own vitality

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to others, never putting forth its energizing power into deeds. It is only by going forward that we reach any goal fit for human beings to halt at. This is one of the reasons for demanding suffrage for women. The consciousness on her part, that the State demands of her the full exercise of her highest and best powers for the public good, must exert upon her being and life an ennobling influence. It will call forth latent energies and dormant faculties, whose existence she hardly suspects. It is clearly evident that the ballot is the next forward step for woman and for the nation, if either are to attain a higher position of prosperity and enlightenment. History proves that whenever a nation ceases to advance, and tries to stop with its present attainments, however grand they may be, a retrograde movement is sure to begin. There can be no stop with safety to either a person or a people. Stagnation is deterioration. It is only by reaching forward, in faith and hope and aspiration, toward a brighter ideal for the individual and the race that we can realize the better things all hearts pant to possess. Progress is our fate and our glory; and woman suffrage is the next step of advance.

MEN AND WOMEN.

A class of writers persist in representing the advocates of woman suffrage as man-haters, opponents of men, enemies of the present order of society. They draw a caricature of a woman devoid of all womanly instinct, sensibility, refinement, and grace—a monster who bears about as much resemblance to the representative women of our cause as the fabulous hippocriff to a real horse—and hold it up as a true portrait of the typical woman of the suffrage movement, and triumphantly ask, "Is that the sort of creature that you want to rule over you? Is that the style of woman you would marry? Is that what you would have your daughters become?" We answer unhesitatingly, "No;" and moreover, no woman suffragist in the land would be such a monster herself, nor do anything to make her daughter such an one.

It is hard to emphasize without seeming to antagonize. Undoubtedly in setting forth the injustice of our present customs and laws to women, and appealing to them to assert their rights as human beings, and to put forth the energy of action, and resolve latent in their souls, it has sometimes seemed that we have set the rights of women over against those of men, as though there was a necessary conflict between the two. All this is mere seeming. It is the merest accident of speech. The sexes do not stand to each other in the relation of the two buckets in the old-fashioned well, so that when one is up the other must be down, and when one is full the other is necessarily empty. Really, there are no such things as "Man's Rights," and "Woman's Rights," separate and distinct from each other; only human rights. Woman's rights are simply human rights. The sexes belong together. Man was created male and female in order that there might be ties, sympathies, relations, affections, a joy and a helpfulness otherwise impossible. Their unlikeness makes them more sympathetic and helpful to each other. All their interests, joys, hopes, welfare and aspirations are inseparably intertwined. What benefits one blesses the other;

what elevates either uplifts both. In seeking the rights of woman we seek the rights of human nature—the welfare of the world.

Woman needs man in the home. She wants his counsel, sympathy, support and aid in managing her house, training her children, and making domestic life beautiful. The more husband the happier the home; the more father the better the children. When man and woman join their hands and hearts in building a home according to their best ideal, each supplementing the gifts and graces of the other by others different, yet not unlike, Eden comes again, and the race is reborn. But neither can do alone what nature ordains shall be the work and inspiration of both.

The woman movement aims to do for the State, and society at large, precisely what is required for the pure and perfect home. Man has tried, for thousands of years, to build alone. He has done the best with the material at hand. We utter no loud condemnation, fling no stinging sarcasm at him for what he has essayed or done. The imperfections, the evils, the injustice, the wickedness of society, are painfully patent to all men's eyes. How shall they be removed, and the wrongs of the world righted, and society made helpful and clean? Men ask these questions with profound earnestness every day. We answer, "What God hath joined together, let not man put asunder."

It takes man and woman to represent humanity. It takes man and woman to construct a home; it takes man and woman to complete the joy, and fulfill the purpose of human life. Only when man and woman are bound together in perfect love, does approving heaven drop another jewelled soul into this earthly casket, and out of the holy instincts of parenthood weave the tissue of an immortal life. Only as man and woman stand together, self-respecting and respecting each the other, each strengthened and strengthening the other, each giving and receiving life in return, is either completely beautiful, or strong, or holy.

These admitted facts are the basis of our argument, the inspiration of our prophecy. Men and women together must make the State. Man with his logic and woman with her love; man with his understanding, and woman with her intuition; man with his sturdy sense, and woman with her refining sentiment; he with his strength and she with her grace must conspire together to create the perfect commonwealth; and out of the toil and travail of the two, each prophecying to the other, each calling the other to new heights of promise and of victory, will come the new civilization, and a race that will need no second birth.

WOMAN'S DRESS.

Harriet N. Austin, M. D., of "Our Home," at Dansville, N. Y., says:

"It is terrible, the hardships which women suffer on account of the style of dress which they are almost forced to wear, and some of them feel it to be so. Every woman who does feel it, should assert her right, so far at least as to wear in her own home a costume in which she can work or rest, stand up, sit down, or lie down, wash or sew, cook or make beds, go up chamber or down cellar, without hindrance or obstruction. We, the women of Our Home,

are determined that we will not be subjected to the impositions of fashion and custom in this regard, and we have invented a style of dress, which we call the American Costume, and in the wearing of which we experience immeasurable comfort and satisfaction. It so commends itself to the judgment and good sense of the women who come to us as patients that it is adopted by them in very large measure, and the opportunity to wear it in peace they prize as one of the greatest blessings of the Institution.

"The object of this costume is to afford complete protection to every part of the body, while the free, natural action of no muscle or organ is interfered with. The costume is fitted nicely, but so easy about the chest and shoulders, that the arms can be used freely, the lung expanded, and the ribs thrown out to the fullest extent without restriction; the stomach is free from pressure, all heavy, heating underskirts are dispensed with, and bands of under-garments removed, skirts and drawers being supported by suspenders or by buttoning to a well-fitting, complete under suit. The skirts are short, and the lower limbs are clothed with pantaloons or trowsers."

CLEAR THE WAY.

Once the welcome light has broken,
Who shall say
What the unimagined glories
Of the day?
What the evil that shall perish
In its ray?
Aid the dawning, tongue and pen;
Aid it, hope of honest men;
Aid it, paper, aid it, type;
Aid it, for the hour is ripe;
And our earnest must not slacken
Into play.
Men of thought and men of action,
Clear the way!

Lo! a cloud's about to vanish
From the day;
Lo! the right's about to conquer—
Clear the way!
And a brazen wrong to crumble
Into clay.
With that right shall many more
Enter smiling at the door;
With the giant wrong shall fall
Many others, great and small,
That for ages long have held us
For their prey.
Men of thought and men of action,
Clear the way!

ONE of our popular writers says a home can hardly be genuine without one or more rocking chairs; and the Boston congregation who gave their minister a dozen of these when they furnished his house, took the most natural way of domesticating him at once.

A WOMAN'S VOICE can tell a long history of sorrow in a single word. This wonderful instrument, our voice, alters its *timbre* with every note it yields, as the face changes with every look, until at last the dominant emotion is master, and gives quality to tone and character to expression.

A MAN discovered America; but a woman equipped the voyage. So everywhere; man executes the performance, but woman trains the man. Every effectual person leaving his mark on the world is but another Columbus, for whose furnishing some Isabella, in the form of his mother, lays down her jewelry, her vanities, her comfort.

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Special Correspondence.

WORDS FROM THE PACIFIC.

To the Editor of the Revolution:

At Stockton, returning from the Yo-Semite, we found a Republican meeting in full blast. Wishing to hear what were the issues of the Republican campaign, a party of us repaired to the big tent to listen to the eloquence of John A. Bingham, of Ohio, and Senator Coles, of California. Mr. Bingham is a fine speaker. His constitutional argument would have done very well for eight years ago; but he touched none of the live questions of the hour; in fact, as all the Republicans are seeking is simply party success in 1872, the fewer points of public interest they touch the better. As to Senator Coles, his forte is not public speaking, and he was most unfortunate in addressing his fair countrywomen in Stockton, where there is a movement on foot to inaugurate a third party, and nominate a woman for the State Senate. He thought the women were represented by the men of their household, especially the acknowledged head, as in all cases the wife certainly did elect her own husband!

He advised the voters of Stockton to inform themselves on all great national questions, for "unless you do," said he, "you are no more fit to vote than a *minor*, or even a *woman*!" What an utterance in the presence of about fifty members of the Woman's Suffrage Association seated before him?

You should have seen the glances that passed round the circle, and heard the indignation expressed at the close of the meeting. Here, at Sacramento, we found a great Democratic mass meeting in the height of enthusiasm, with Senator Pendigrast, Cullen, and Brick Pomeroy, in the rostrum. In front of the "Golden Eagle," at which hotel we were all guests together, I had the pleasure of a long talk with Mr. Pomeroy's beautiful young bride, who attended both of my lectures, and is in full sympathy with the suffrage movement. I was surprised to learn that Mr. Pomeroy was also, and had been advocating the idea for some time in his journal.

I find that many of the best minds in the Democratic party, in accepting the XIVth and XVth amendments, do so with the most liberal and logical interpretation, as set forth in Butler's Minority Report, in the "Woodhull Memorial." As the election takes place in September, in this State, we find the people ready to hear all phases of political discussion.

Mrs. Emily Pitts Stevens is doing a splendid work with her *Pioneer*, which is really one of the most ably edited journals on the Pacific coast. I see by the last *REVOLUTION* that somebody has taken me to task for saying that "Horace Greeley is opposed to the education, elevation, and enfranchisement, of woman." Whoever wrote that is evidently ignorant of the broad field of education and elevation that political equality covers. Should we have said that Horace Greeley was in favor of the black man's education and elevation had he opposed his enfranchisement? One of the strongest incentives to secure a good education is the prospective use for it. Now, if women are to be debarred from all interest or action in the political institutions under which they live, they will pay no attention to the most important of all sciences—that of government.

Horace Greeley has published one of the most influential journals in New York, for about thirty years, and steadily opposed every effort for woman's freedom in all directions.

When the divorce bill was before our Legislature in '61, asking for divorce on the ground of drunkenness, brutality, and insanity, he defeated it, and said, "If a woman makes a blunder in contracting a marriage with a brute, or a tyrant, let her pay the penalty of her blunder all the days of her life." We have had a free academy for boys in the City of New York for over twenty years, where they could be thoroughly educated; books, tuition, all free. Has Horace Greeley made any persistent effort to open that to the daughters of the State? Has he made any eloquent or persistent pleas to open Cornell University, Columbia Law School, Union College, or any of your medical colleges? Not he. If we judge of Mr. Greeley's estimate of womanhood by the opinions of his editorial staff, as set forth in his journal, no one can believe that his influence has been exerted for the elevation of our sex. What young man, who is a regular reader of the *Tribune*, can feel a daily increasing respect for his own mother and sister when the noblest, purest, most gifted women that America can boast, are subject to its continual *scurrility* and misrepresentation? When the New York *Tribune* deliberately and knowingly changes a telegraphic dispatch in order to stab a woman and our suffrage movement, it is useless to say more of Mr. Greeley's influence in this struggle to secure justice and equality for our sex.

Let not the women of the country be deceived with any partial concessions. No man who denies us the right to a voice in the laws that govern us, to trial by a jury of our own peers, to the means for the protection of our political, civil, and social rights, need claim that he is in favor of the education and elevation of woman; for a disfranchised class must ever be an ignorant and degraded class.

Sacramento is a fine city, containing about twenty-five thousand inhabitants. Mrs. Stevens and myself drove to several points of interest last evening. The race-course is said to be one of the best in the country. A magnificent capitol and executive mansion are just being built. The streets are wide, laid out at right angles, and lined with silver poplars and locust trees, and the houses surrounded with shrubs and flowers. The cactus and geraniums that we have in little pots, grow here eight and ten feet high, in the open air, all the year round. Verily, California with all its wonders and beauties, its Pacific coast, its Yo-Semite diamond cave, big trees, geysers, its Sierra Nevadas and Dinner Lake, its varied climate, fruits and flowers, must be the garden of our republic.

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON.
SACRAMENTO, Aug 6th.

THE NATIONAL LABOR CONGRESS.

To the Editor of the Revolution:

The National Labor Congress has just closed its last session in St. Louis. Its general work may be gathered from the papers of that city, but I would like to say some things not in the papers.

There was a much smaller number of delegates present than at its session a year ago in Cincinnati, but this was not regarded as a cause for discouragement. The causes that

produced this falling off in numbers were well understood, in part at least, and have been remedied by the action of this Congress. The last session embodied as high talent, if not as much, as the one held in Cincinnati. It was certainly quite as earnest in its work, and more harmonious, and more hopeful as to results.

I was the only woman delegate. I had expected there would be several, and I can assure you that it required some courage to sit a lone woman in such a prominent place. But I felt that woman ought to be represented in this Congress, and I was determined that she should be.

On the second day of the session, I introduced a resolution that this Congress should recognize the right of women to equal pay with men, for equal work, and, in very few words, urged its passage.

Another delegate opposed the resolution, and then there was such a rush to the rescue by other delegates that the resolution passed, with but one dissenting voice. After the meeting had adjourned, the dissenter came to me and said that he had opposed the resolution on account of something Miss Anthony had said to him at their New York session, two years ago. I asked him if he did not think it would be very unjust to deny the rights of labor to the whole sex, because he did not like what woman had said, and very wrong to harbor a spirit of revenge.

On the fourth day, near the close of the session, Mr. Sylvis, of Pennsylvania, introduced another resolution, recognizing more fully and explicitly than the first, not only the rights of woman as a laborer, but also her right to the ballot, and the duty of the National Labor Union to do all in their power to assist her.

A Missouri delegate, who had not been present at the passage of the first resolution, arose and made a rather violent speech against the resolution of Mr. Sylvis. And then again, there was such a rush to the rescue, in its defense, from the best talent and eloquence of the house, (including our worthy president,) that the resolution passed without a single dissenting voice, and with much cheering; but with the suffrage clause stricken out. There was no need that I should defend myself or my sex. The defense from the "new chivalry" was more able and efficient than anything that I could have said.

After the meeting adjourned, the opposing Missouri delegate came to me and said that hereafter he should be more fully committed to woman suffrage.

I have not the slightest doubt that the Labor Party will recognize the right of woman to the ballot whenever it shall have the power to do so, but it would be of no use for them to throw an apple of discord into their ranks now. The majority, neither of men nor of women, is ready for woman suffrage, but the time is not far distant when both will be made ready. When men have conceded to women the rights of labor, the right to protect these rights by the ballot, and by every other legitimate means, must follow as a logical consequence. Men have the ballot, but they still need all the sacred rights of labor, without which even the ballot itself must prove a failure.

Mrs. E. C. G. WILLARD.
St. Louis, August 15, 1871.

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A GLIMPSE OF SARATOGA.

To the Editor of *The Revolution*:

Perhaps a glimpse or two of Saratoga life may not be uninteresting to you. Just now the town is packed with human beings. Barnum's museum is here; but with all its curiosities of animated nature from the anaconda to the ape, it presents fewer varieties of life and objects of study than this strange caravansary of a watering-place town. Indeed, Saratoga in mid-summer is a sort of menagerie, and whoever studies it closely will find resemblances enough to confirm his Darwinianism. There are plenty of people here who look as though they "could a tale unfold," and would not consider allusions to their grandparents complimentary. Did you ever think whether what we call "high life," or what we call "low life," came nearest to the animal?

Then the races have begun, and groups of moist, unpleasant, bibulous-looking jockeys crowd the street corners, and lift their feet to the highest altitude on the hotel piazzas. Is it not strange that such noble animal as the horse should somehow communicate so much of the brute to the men who have most to do with him? You can almost tell a horse-man at twenty rods. I have often wondered what the life of a jockey's wife must be. Is she thought as much of as the trotter in the barn? Is as much pains taken to dress her, and make her comfortable, and appear to advantage? Is she never trained with bit and whip, or what is just as bad? However unpleasant her lot may be, it is a stable relation, and she is tied to her crib, however he may prance in public places, and smirk and smile at pleasure.

The great hotels swarm with human occupants, and give one a sad sense of the poverty of human invention. Is this herding and jostling together of five thousand people the best way they can possibly find to amuse themselves? It is strange how little it takes to entertain human beings when they choose to be entertained, and how much is required where they choose to be exacting. The principal amusements here are seeing and being seen. People eat and sleep, dress and dance, lounge, and gossip, and gabble. The Congress Hall hopes draw crowds together. It pains one inexpressibly, however, to see the cruelty practiced upon children here. Tricked out as miniature beauties, night after night, they dance under the hot glare of the gas-light, aping all the absurd and bad ways of their elders, while their admiring mammas sit blandly fanning themselves in their seats, apparently unconscious of the grievous sin they are committing against all that is sweet and pure in the child-nature they are bound by every interest and obligation to care for and sacredly keep.

It does seem as though some mothers were made on the most economical principles; that Nature tried her best to see how little mother could possibly be put into a woman's heart. Judging from the specimens on exhibition here she has found the lowest point.

Here are scores of ghosts wandering and prancing about under the gaudy fresco and gleaming lights—women who cannot hide their ghostliness by paint and enamel, and look like corpses galvanized into a temporary show of life—and men, too. There is one; he does not see me, but I see him smiling and whispering gay and silly nothings into an

eager lady's ear. She does not know, as I happen to know, that every word he utters in such dainty tones is purely automatic, and that the profusion of sweet smiles that wreathes her countenance, are so many roses spread over the face of death. Society of a fashionable watering-place is a masquerade; it does not do to lift the shining masks.

You know I am not fond of ministers generally. But here I have been getting acquainted with three, of the hydropathic school, and strange to say, they have not even asked, as yet, about the state of my soul. How shocked they would be if they knew what a terrible radical I am! How much less I believe than they consider essential, and yet how much more I believe than they do? But they weave their professional robes very lightly. They are off duty now. There are lots of clerical gentlemen here, I judge, by the uniforms I meet on the street. Do they all come for the water? Are they here to study human nature in one of its curious phases of manifestation? Or, after all, do they enjoy mixing with the follies and frivolities, the vanities and vices of the gay and giddy throng, and hob-nobbing with the devil when he is dressed in the height of fashion? And if they had half the seriousness of purpose and earnestness of conviction they profess, would they fawn on the falsehoods, and smile at the shams and sins which abound here! A minister ought to be a live Gospel. I should like to see such a minister here among the gamblers. Wouldn't he overturn Morrissey's tables after the manner of a certain one we read of?

And this reminds me that at the table only yesterday, a lady with whom I had a pleasant chat startled me with the question, "Do you imagine there are any women's rights women in Saratoga?" "Why?" I asked, a little timid about making a full confession. You know I always was deficient in spunk. "Because, if there were, I am sure they would claim the right to gamble at Morrissey's," Imagine me playing in a deep game with knaves and blacklegs in that gilded den! And that is an intelligent lady's idea of the spirit and meaning of woman's rights! It is evident woman's hour has not yet come. Of course, after such a dry speech, I was obliged to go to the spring; but, on the way, I chanced upon some colored leaves, the first cards dropped by Autumn from the maple boughs. I would send you some, but I know you care nothing for leaves; but I must leave off, or your patience will wane under the infliction.

FLORE FORGETMENOT.

SARATOGA, Aug. 18, 1871.

PROTECTION FOR EMIGRANTS.

To the Editor of *The Revolution*:

Your kindly notice of my efforts in the cause of the "Irish Female Emigrant," in a former issue of your valuable paper, emboldens me to still further throw my cause upon your consideration. I need not speak of the necessity for protection for the stranger female, whose position demands all that the public can extend to her. Who can speak for the bruised and bleeding heart that lies on the bare boards of "Castle Garden," and who will bring back the soul that is lost for want of the protection of those whose very innocence is a snare? You are woman of feeling! Can you not give your able advocacy to advance a

cause wherein lies one remedy for the social evil? A slight inspection of our prisons and penitentiaries will soon show that the majority of the females are Irish, whose first step to ruin can be traced back to their unprotected state on their arrival here.

My original object was to have a complete change in "Castle Garden;" but the Commissioners I have addressed have not entertained my ideas, so there now remains the other alternative of securing a home for the poor creatures who require a temporary one; and I call on all those who feel an interest in the American republic to aid me, for "unity is strength." I have nothing more to offer to the cause than my energy and will, and those I submit to my countrywoman with all my heart. Knowing my country people best, I would sacrifice much in bringing joy to many homes now rendered desolate by the doubtful absence of all that is dear to the parent. I dare not tell the fate of some respectable women who have been lost within the last year or two by having no protective society to shelter them. Just to think of a woman on the verge of maternity lying on the bare boards of "Castle Garden!" Such is the circumstance of birth of the sons of the great republic.

LIZZIE O'BRIEN.

BROOKLYN, August 8th, 1871.

MRS. LOGAN.

To the Editor of *The Revolution*:

We are occasionally having some lectures here and elsewhere in the State, in behalf of woman's rights. Mrs. Stanton not long since spoke in Milton to a large audience. Her lecture was splendid. Mrs. W. A. Logan, a lady of fine speaking talents, delivered a lecture in this place a few evenings since. It was received with much satisfaction by the public. She is speaking nearly every evening upon this and kindred subjects, in different parts of Wisconsin. Friends who wish Mrs. Logan to lecture among them, can address her at Genesee, Naukeshia county, Wisconsin. I hope they will give her encouragement, for her labors are needed everywhere for the elevation and improvement of her sex.

EDENTON, Wis., Aug. 10, 1871. W. J. G.

MANY women are burdened by company because of the labor to which they are put in cooking. It is good on occasion to be at pains to have an extra nice meal, and such occasion may well be the visit of a friend. But it is a very poor ambition to crave the reputation of setting the richest and most elaborate table in the neighborhood. The women who give themselves up to this are apt to attract to them a class of people who live for the gratification of their appetites, and their association together is neither very satisfactory nor edifying.

Burnett's Cologne—The best in America.

Burnett's Cocaine, the best hair-dressing.

Burnett's Cooking Extracts are the best.

Burnett's Kalliston is the best cosmetic.

Burnett's Asthma remedy—A sure cure.

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Special Notices.

A LADY wishes a position as Assistant Editor, or would act as New York Correspondent. Has had experience on a daily paper; can write editorials on current topics, book reviews, etc., and is competent to correct proofs. Will not leave the city. Address AUTOHRESS, No. 29 Morton St., New York.

IMPORTANT TO MOTHERS.—*Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup*, for all diseases with which children are afflicted, is a safe and certain remedy. It allays pain, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, sure to regulate the bowels, and cures wind colic. Depend upon it, mothers, it will relieve the little sufferer immediately. Perfectly safe in all cases.

AHEM! IS IT POSSIBLE?—This is what physicians say when informed that Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar is working wonders in the cure of obstinate coughs and colds. This "Is it possible" is a sneer. They mean, "Is it possible that you can believe it?" Now, the ground of belief is experience, and the cured ought to know whereof they speak. Daily from ten to twenty persons enter Crittenton's Medicine Warehouse, 7 Sixth avenue, New York, to state what the remedy has done for them. Who dare impeach such testimony? For sale by all the drug trade at 50 cents and \$1. Buy the large size, it is much the cheapest.

PURGATIVE PILLS have become a settled necessity with the American people. Indeed, cathartics always have been and always must be used, in some form, by all mankind. In this country, the pilular form of administration has been growing in favor since pills were first made of Aloes and Rhubarb, rolled into a ball. Their high position in the public confidence has finally been secured and fastened into permanency by AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS, the most skillful combination of medicine for the diseases they are intended to cure that science can devise or art produce. Those who need pills no longer hesitate what pills to take, if they can get AYER'S PILLS.—*Wheeling (Va.) Press.*

NEW ENTERPRISE, Bedford County, Pa.,
March 21st, 1871.

MESSRS. COLBY BROS & CO.

Two dozen wringers received the 14th. I begin to find it a pleasant business; everyone is pleased with the "Colby." There are a number of the Universal and Novelty here, but they run so hard they can scarcely be turned, while the Colby runs so easy it is only a pastime to use it. Hope you will send the second lot soon, as I want to push the business.

Very respectfully,

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